THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIDNEY DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. SERGT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1648.

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "FRAGOLA PRINCE," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DU PONT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

I was thirsty, and I drank; but the first draught, which I took eagerly, I thought would strangle me for my throat was very much swollen; and now, for the first time, I felt a strange sensation outside, where the rope had encircled it. I succeeded, however, after several trials, in swallowing about a gill, which refreshed me to a degree far beyond my expectations.

"Ah! thank God! you are better—I can see it," cried Walter, joyfully, who had been watching my features with the deepest anxiety.

"I am, my dear friend—I am," returned I, retiring his hand.

"There! there! no exertion now!" he continued. "Remain perfectly quiet, and all the strength is restored; and do not attempt to get up till I return."

"And whither are you going?"

"In quest of what we both need, food. There is a house not far distant, and plenty of ammunition—so we need not starve."

"Do not be long away, Walter!"

"A few minutes—only a few minutes, Henry," he replied, and disappeared in the wood.

It was a beautiful night, however, and nature was decked in her loveliest green—and as I lay upon the velvet turf in this little opening, where the cloudless sun, just risen above the mountain tops, poured down upon me a warm, golden flood of light—and listened to the songs of the thousand birds, which cleaved the blue ether above my head, or fluttered among the branches of the neighboring wood—I suddenly felt my soul bound with a joy as inexplicable as inexpressible. I had had personal contact with, and followed by troubles dire was this an omen of what is to be succeeded by ultimate happiness? I hoped so—I may say believed so—at least I fervently prayed it might be so.

Wonderful! wonderful! and wonderfully organized! wonderfully endowed! Whence come those moments of depression and exultation? Are we governed by the purely physical organization, without the prophet's power of prophecy? Are our spirits permitted to look into the future, and convey the impressions of good or evil? Are we governed by a power which is all a mystery. We have been, we are, and shall be; but beyond this, how much do we really know?

I soon heard the report of Walter's rifle; and a few minutes after he appeared, bearing in a rabbit which he had shot. This he dressed, and broiled on the embers of the last night's fire. I ate a portion of it with the appetite of a hunter, as my throat being so swollen; but what I did eat seemed to strengthen me, and I felt much better afterward.

In the course of two or three hours, I thought myself able to begin our journey; and we set out accordingly; but I was often obliged to stop and rest; so that we did not make much progress that day. Our course lay far to the west part over a rolling prairie; and we had no difficulty in keeping the right direction, by the sun's mane house. Game was abundant; and toward night Walter shot a deer, which furnished us our evening and morning meals. We kindled a fire, which was necessary to keep off the wild beasts, and lodged, the night were so cool, that this means of protection detracted nothing from our personal comfort.

Notwithstanding what had been up month of the previous night, he insisted on standing guard, and would not consent to much work; but waking toward morning, and feeling almost myself again, I insisted on relieving him—and therefore had the pleasure of his first sound sleep, which he richly merited.

By sunrise I felt that I was able to travel, and resumed our tedious journey; and at sunset we selected our camp some twenty-five or thirty miles from the place of starting. This was the course of the day, swam two streams of considerable size.

On the third morning, feeling myself fully recovered, we began our march with renewed zeal, and at sunset had made another high progress. About an hour after setting out, to our great delight, we came upon the first camp of our foes—the tragic fate of which I have described after this, that our exertions were crowned with the triumph of success, and we passed through just as the sun was going down. This camp was the last which we found on the Brazos, some three or four hundred miles above the mouth; and on reaching it, we knew that our enemies were only a day's march in advance of us. This distance we now determined to maintain, by encamping each night where they had encamped the night previous.

So far the trace of the bandits had led due south—but now an important change took place; and we began to have apprehensions from this, that the leader was heading his steps for the frontier of Mexico—supposing that the population of Texas, and so escape the punishment that might overtake him should he remain in the settlements within the jurisdiction of the United States. This was no agreeable surmise, and depressed our spirits not a little; but we determined to follow on, let him lead where he would, and trust the rest to Heaven.

The next day we crossed the Brazos; and finding the wide trail of the bandits on the other side, pressed it eagerly, with a much warmer feeling the satisfaction of again coming upon their last night's camp.

Perhaps it may here attack the reader as something a little remarkable, that, on no fact, should be able to advance so far to a day or two mentioned now; but I trust I need only state the fact, that the still on the trail was such as to make rapid pace for horsemen, and that we began each day's journey at the first streak of day-light, and kept on as far as our tires were at stake.

The third day from crossing the Brazos, we struck a large creek, which we knew to be the Leon Hills; and the trail here leading into a very wild, gloomy region, between high rocky hills, which we knew to be the bold of mountain forest, or the channel of some former stream, which had long since ceased to flow. Here we knew caution must be observed; we entered it with great caution, thinking it not improbable we were now within sight of the struggle of the freebooters.

About half a mile from where we entered the ravine, we came to a spot where the rocks receded on the right and left, with a precipice in front, and which the receding stream had once probably formed a beautiful cascade. Here we found evidences of the party, of whom we were in search, having recently encamped; and what was of still more consequence, we every where saw indications of the spot having been made a place of resort—predaceous a general rendezvous for a large band of freebooters, of whom Warcliff's men might be only a small detachment.

The rocks, I have said, here receded on either side; but perhaps I may convey to the reader a better idea of the relative importance of this singular retreat, by saying that it had a circular form, resembling a dipper in shape, of which the outlet might be termed the handle. On the summit of the rocks, which here rose some fifty feet nearly perpendicular above our heads, was a thick growth of bushes, overtopped by trees of pine, oak, and hemlock, whose branches, extending far over the verge of the cliffs, almost met, and rendered the place where we stood of a twilight character. From the outlet of this basin, on either side, and running back to what I may call the cascade precipice, was a kind of log and brush fence, forming two distinct enclosures, within which the horses were kept secure, both from straying and from wild beasts.

No horses were here now, nor could we see a living soul. This emboldened us to make further explorations; but we proceeded with the greatest caution, and afraid that even a whisper might betray us, we communicated with each other only by signs.

At length we discovered some rude steps, partly natural and partly artificial, which led up the side of a steep rock; and these, after some serious deliberation, we ventured to ascend. It required no little care to maintain a foothold—and could we do so without noise, was still more. Some twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground, we reached a kind of platform, which extended around the angle of a huge rock, which shielded our rear our heads, and we could discover from that point for a higher ascent. On turning the angle, we perceived a chasm in the rock, as if it had been rent in twain by some mighty convulsion. This chasm extended back some twenty feet to another rock, which rose perpendicularly to a great height, and was not wide enough to permit one person to enter it at a time. There, however, did not descend to the bottom of the basin, from which we had ascended, but only about four feet below the platform rock on which we stood. To enable one to pass down into it easily, some stones, probably thrown in there in ancient times, were arranged in the form of steps: and this led us to infer that the chasm communicated with a still more secret place of retreat, to which the band resorted when fire, we determined to know for a certainty whether our surmises were correct or not.

Accordingly we descended into the opening very cautiously, and moved forward in the same manner. High above us, on either side, rose the granite rocks, solid and stupendous; not a sign of nature or art appeared in the range of a thousand birds, which cleaved the blue ether above my head, or fluttered among the branches of the neighboring wood—I suddenly felt my soul bound with a joy as inexplicable as inexpressible. I had had personal contact with, and followed by troubles dire: was this an omen of what is to be succeeded by ultimate happiness? I hoped so—I may say believed so—at least I fervently prayed it might be so.

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families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—that John and I tell over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

"Then, in that happy Castle, what joyous feasts! Some of our old friends are dead, others are dispersed, and we are delightful—oh, how delightful!—to see home. My dearest and most devoted child, over Sabbath, ever loving, ever helpful and assisting, and revealing, in the grinding of my bones, traits from whom she inherited those darling virtues. We are rather a musical family, my dear. Christmas does not, of any time, a little remind me of Ireland, the steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were last betrothed. On week a man an I, that I cannot bear to hear it from my other source. They played it once at the theatre, when I was there with little Frank, and the child said, wondering, "Comes Michael, when last times are these that have fallen on my head?"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real pardenders of my life therein preserved. I often take little Frank home there. He is very welcomes to my grandchildren, and they play together. At this time of the year—the Christmas and New Year time—I am seldom out of my Castle. For the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the precepts of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

"And the Castle is—" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

"Yes. By Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the time, "is the Ark. John, our esteemed host, suggests in allusion, naturally. My Castle is in the Ark! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story."

Miscellaneous.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COURTSHIP.

[The following may be true, and then, again, it may not.—Ed. Sun. Dis. Post.]

The marriage of the Count Neppeux with Mlle. de Montijo, appears to be more romantic than is generally supposed. In 1848, while living at the Hotel de Ville, Louis Napoleon made the acquaintance of the young Countess de Teba. They first saw each other from the adjoining balconies, in which they were lounging one day, when the count's eye was struck with a crowd, curious to see the nephew of his uncle. During the Presidency the lady was invited to the Elysee, and every one saw Louis Napoleon made a formal demand for her hand. The family de Montijo felt itself highly honored by the proposition, nevertheless begged the President to wait until his position was more secure. He consented, begging the Countess to make no engagement without his knowledge, and added: "I hope soon to offer you something better than now." Some time after the young lady and her mother were compelled to Madrid, and Louis Napoleon, after taking leave of the young Countess, said to her, "Important events are in preparation, and I may never see you again. I will write to you from your presence."

"Nay!" replied the young lady, "I shall keep it, and if ever you are unfortunate, remember that in Spain there will always be a home open to you, and to that home your heart turned."

The ladies de Montijo returned to France in 1852; Louis Napoleon was then victorious, and about to become Emperor. His first ingression with the Countess was marked by strong emotion, and while bowing over her hand he whispered—

"It is long since I saw you; why then, was I not unfortunate?"

The rest is well known, but the following anecdote of the days of courting may be amusing. The ferocity was thought to be taking somewhat into disgrace, on account of a rolling speech that she had made on the following occasion. They were playing at games, and the Emperor, who took a part with his guests, declared himself to be caught, and placed in the culprit's seat. Each of the company must give a reason why the prisoner should occupy that seat, and as each reason stood the replies whispered to him. One was of opinion that his Majesty was there because he was a great bore; others, because he had saved France from barbarism—and other humbler reply colored with flattery. But it came to the turn of Mlle. Montijo, she said that "the Emperor was taken because he was such a sleepy-head." She was but a foreigner, and an admired woman could permit herself such an enormity. Ever; she slumbered and stood prosecuted in England in the 16th, 17th and 18th; so he granted from whose mouth came the bold speech. He loved Mlle. Montijo for her beauty; he loved her also for the frank gaiety which was exposed in her impetuous severity, and the satirous, pronounced shockingly imprudent by the courtiers, rendered her most attractive in the eyes of Louis Napoleon.—*Newark Advertiser.*

The Bochanan.—At the recent Woman's Temperance Meeting in Paris, two of the speakers were stirred as follows:—Mrs. Bloomer the great bend of the Bloomer Church, was arrayed, says the "Tribune," in a dress of unchangeable brine or kill, descending just below the knee, the skirt of which was trimmed with rows of black velvet. The pantaloons were of the same texture, and trimmed to the same pattern. She wore gaiters. Her head was open to cheery and black. Her dress had an open carriage, with bands of velvet over the sides and ends, nette, in which was a diamond stud and pins. She wore three gold chevrets, rigil and chevrons, and black lace mitts. Her whole attire was rich, but plain in appearance.

"Miss Anthony was dressed in the same costume, but plainer. Her dress was of longer skirt than that of Mrs. Bloomer. It was of black broadcloth silk, with panels of the same. The trimming was a simple white collar and cuffs, and a gold chain. Her hair was cut short in the neck and curled in front."

We shall say nothing against the *propriety* of such a dress, but we consider the *taste* of it very questionable.

Popular Delusion.—A fatal instance of the danger of so-called popular cures and remedies occurred at Nazenberg, near Halle. A boy, fifteen years of age, being attacked with a violent cutaneous eruption, the father consulted a quack, and was recommended to place his son in his warm bedchamber room, the heat of which would cause intense perspiration, and throw off the disease. The father, on his return home, found that the youth into the oven, closed the door, and retired to rest. Upon opening the oven next morning, the unhappy child was found, as might be expected, a baked corpse.

Louis Kossuth Gotten-ball.—We are requested to state that this accomplished Hungarian Finalist, will give one concert in this city next week, at his way home to Kossuth. His success in New York is said to have been almost unprecedented for a Pianist.

☞ Kossuth Turkey is just as good as roast-duck if people will only believe it. It all depends on how they are brought up.

☞ A beautiful young lady having invited a plain, elderly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing she was in love with him, asked in very pressing manner deemed to know why she had selected him for the honor of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as would give him cause for jealousy."

☞ An enthusiastic vegetarian so detests the very name of animal food that he refuses to partake of bread, because,

☞ Lard on Wurz.—The Chicago Daily Journal rather inclines to the causes of calling a man's wit his lights, and says that the Duke of —We believe it is in the English Navy that the distinction is made between the different grades, then.—The Misses's thing, the Lieutenant's 'woman,' the Captain's 'wife,' and the Commander's 'better half.'

☞ The use of opium is getting common in England. In 1841 the import was 131,000 pounds; in 1849, 253,700 pounds. We have seen the increase of the consumption of opium in this country attributed to the Temperance cause, but there is very little Temperance in England.

☞ A Lecture to Young Men, as a Lad—Get Married.—*Lecturer.*

☞ Why should one appreciate to mother? my boss is a better son to work to than your old sons. My boss don't smoke in my shop, interfering with his own business."

☞ Women's rights are sometimes recognized by Kings. The Duchess of Lauderdale, long has just been chosen to preside over the *Imperial Academy of Sciences.* Women, sirs, are often invested in Russia.

☞ *Ahd-el-Kader* has been received very cordially in Constantinople, not only by the Sultan but by the Turks generally.

☞ *Low Fare case.*—He who is too fond of the comforts of an outdoor will soon be robbed the chance of maintaining himself. The real value of a cause is determined by how wide has to prove his title.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 cash in advance, one copy is sent during the year. A premium the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00 Per Annum.
9 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Answers to Clubs—and any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. We have the rule, and shall not depart from it. We cannot afford to do it, and we know that we shall be excused from the disagreement.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up more Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to help us in that way, by their efforts themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct. E. P.

OUR NOVELETS.

As we omit our Prospectus, on account of the crowded state of our columns, we may state, for the benefit of strangers who may look into the columns of the Post, that we design, at or before the expiration of Mr. Bennett's novelet of

CLARA MORELAND,

as circumstances may determine, commencing original novelet, by Mrs. Lee Hentz, to be called

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNTY HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are authorized by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE;

to be published in the course of the Spring and Summer months—including "letters from Italy, Germany, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, such as contributions from Correspondents, extracts from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S LETTERS.

After we went to press last week, we received a letter from Grace; but, instead of an epistle for the public, it turned out to be one for our personal perusal.

We need not trouble our readers with the pros and cons, that is *pros* and *cons* of the matter in, that the poems of Letters from Grace, Philadelphia will be delivered a month or so. The principal consolation we can offer to them in this sorrowful coincidence is, that the Ladies have somewhat later in the month than we anticipated, it also will *end* just that much later. We may add to this, that the ladies are longer coming than originally contemplated, there will be (under as amended arrangements) so much the more of them. Grace writes from the Capitol at Washington, and describes, when we consider that the pleasures of anticipation are said to be almost equal to those of reality, we may positively congratulate ourselves upon adding to the happiness of our readers by this unavoidable delay.

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FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The Foreign News of late appears to indicate a war between France and Austria, rather than between the former and England. Perhaps the Paris mob would have attempted all that the Paris mob would have attempted all that the French Republic of England had remained neutral and that in a second great war on the Continent, the latter would be left in the quiet, if undisturbed. But then again, these Republican demonstrations are not always made against Austria, may be merely blinds to deceive the British Government.

But would Great Britain look unmoved upon the conquest of Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Prussia and Austria, by France? We believe not. And would France, with the Russian Colossus immoved upon the strengthening of France and England, by which alone it was found, so much to have their share of its spoils? To the question, we also answer No. None of these great powers would look unmoved at the overthrow of the Balance of Power, unless they are to share in the division of its fragments. Hence, we would not join France in a war against her neighbors, even for the plunder—therefore she would be bound, by the laws of self-preservation, to join them against France. Prussia, Austria and Russia will not, we believe, be found in their fair share of a dismembered British Empire—with possession "upon which the sun never sets"—to unite in a crusade of the sort against upon Great Britain, thus demolishing the last refuge of liberty on the face of the earth. Would Louis Napoleon, or Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, dare to do it? We believe that his rash for a reasonable amount of primacy has been gratified.

Louis Napoleon—It is a remarkable illustration of the pusillanimous observance of etiquette which characterizes the French people, that Napoleon addressed his letter of resignation as Consular to the Senate, instead of sending it direct to the Directors of the Comices and Agricultural Societies. This delicate observance, although of no practical value, must be gratifying to the Senate, and to the Legislative Corps of that State, while the acquiescence of the people in the formation of the Empire, practically that belongs to the quiet assurance of power.

General Feraud.—The President elect has been making a visit to Philadelphia. He got back to Washington on Friday last, and has been quite a blow to the proprietors of our anatomical hotels. "The Grand Honor," Napoleon, has not visited them. "The Great Man" of course will not. Nor will he patronize "the great Hall." Of course he has been able to get a private room, and has had the use of it, and his desire to do so; but we believe that his wish for a reasonable amount of privacy has been gratified.

Bachelors in Indiana.—A bill is pending in the Indiana Legislature, to compel old bachelors to pay a tax of $1 per year. The bill will fifty dollars a year into the county treasury, to be used in the support of the poor, and the list of January. The penalties of the bill appear to be the forfeiture of the year's wealthy.

That last is in very hard taste. And as to the bachelors, why should a man be *fined* because he has not a wife? Is it for the reason that the state of single blessedness is a happy one? Is it desire to do so; but we believe that his wish for a reasonable amount of prim

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

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Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 14th, the Deficiency Bill was taken up.

Mr. Rockwell said that, if he had rightly understood the Investigating Committee of the Senate which had been appointed the previous session, they had contemplated framing in the light house contract. The Secretary of the Treasury had stated that he had not been informed of the existence of any such contract, as referred to, by the Secretary of the Navy, or any other officer. The Secretary of the Navy had stated that he had not been informed of any such contract, and, whenever there was an opportunity of so doing he had expressed his opinion that it was not for the interest of the nation upon it. The Oregon Treaty was made in 1846, and the Senate, in ratifying it, had declared that the United States Government would not assume the claims the Company were contracting on certain lands. The Senate had declared that the Company were not to have any right to enormous by which the United States would be bound. The title of the Company was in abeyance, and there was a treaty which the Senate had declared should be so. The Oregon Treaty was ratified and proclaimed, and the line established 49 on the northern boundary. Great Britain contended that the United States had not kept faith of that line, and we contended the should not encroach any further north. The Senate, by the Oregon Treaty, declared that they would not assume the claims of the Company, and, whenever there was an opportunity of so doing it was the duty of the Executive to protest the Senate's declaration. In the face of these open violations of the doctrine of the Monroe Declaration, the Secretary of the Navy has rescinded our resolutions re-affirming that doctrine, and, granting that the Company was not violating the treaty, a European colony shall be established. Before voting for the Deficiency Bill, he wished to know whether the Executive had taken any steps to protest against the decision of the Secretary to be for the future bound by the Oregon Treaty. Such a decision was subversive to sequence in the colonization of the Bay Islands, and, unless we had a protest on record, we should be bound by it. He had understood that the Secretary of the Treasury was about to submit to Congress a plan for the construction of the Bay Islands.

Mr. Rowland moved to amend the appropriation for the Light House service by providing that no money should be expended for the erection of Light Houses on the Bay Islands. The evidence showed that large sums had been expended in the construction of Light Houses, and he desired for the future to provide for the disbursement of money for that purpose. He had given notice of the principles of common honesty and common sense.

Mr. Mallory said that, as far as he knew, there was no contract with the Company for the construction of the Light House on the Bay Islands. The Secretary had made an $1.25 per cubic foot or pieces containing that measurement, and that was the only contract. He had not been informed that the Secretary had entered into any contract for the construction of Light Houses on the Bay Islands. The evidence showed that large sums had been expended in the construction of Light Houses on the Bay Islands. He had understood that the Secretary was about to submit to Congress a plan for the construction of the Bay Islands.

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Selected Poetry.

RESOLVE

BY ALICE CAREY.

The old mendicant was wrong; but one
Has the utmost plenty that giving to the right
From the topmost chamber of the bed
Has strolled quite at ease, and with a nod
Blandly from where it wears along the sea,
Has given the poorest tongue-tied dame ship
Till the rough owner are half in love with death,
And long up pull of until weather.
To keep us hard from being what we would.
If wisdom mingled the raw heat of us
Of) drive the farmer with the sheen at dark
Thro' the warm field of life, and one can crush
Their thistle the moist that spring breeds or flowers
And never strong necessity nor loss,
Diminish the real that family owns. I call!
Has are two playthings, and to frame's most,
To ye must to be repentance and blame.

Even from the broken ruins of the heart,
The soul's bright wing uplifted calmly
May emerge the steadier and more of the mind's learned
Patience and nature to the wretchless frame.
That is the motive of the universe
Room through the enlivening succession of time!
And shall it stagger midway up to age,
And sink in rudeness low as the dull dew
For the small flutter of a fledgling hope?
Oh, win the bustling fancy of a fool,
Paint the lone sorrow of love's sunless sin,
Or, with the sorcer vision I discovered
What, in the summer vision I dreamed,
Commingle with odorous beauty the grey rocks,
Are the red lights of wreckers!

Just as well.

The obstreus traveller might as well expect
His puny shoulder to the try-clip
Of the stiffest avalanche, and hope to feel
On Or, Beauty grace her forehead in the grave.
And think to rise as from the bridal the band.
Like the fixed splendor of a star. Resolve
Shines ever on the front of victory.
Reserve, that they! the darkness of the night or,
Time to its purpose, leaving hope's dead fear
Sublimely bird-forest-crown—to die with the rest.
(Building in wail of summer round the soul.)
Pulsing still forward to the Reserve the soul,
Of Fame's great marvelous mountain. "To Reserve
That like to time the grave-grass and the moss
Deadening the noise that laid wise friend heaven.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Selected Articles.

THE CHILD'S STORY.

FROM CHRISTMAS STORIES.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out on a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half-way through it.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without hearing anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child,

"What do you do here?"

And the child said, "I am always at play—Come and play with me."

So he played with that child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was no blue, the sun was so bright, the air was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so many and so bright, and singing birds, and one or many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh earth. When it was rainy, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it moved the trees, and shook the leaves. When it snowed, they liked it better still than the rain, and played out in the cold and games at ball; the prisoners' base, hunt-the-whistle, and snowballing. When it thawed, and rained and snowed, and sleeted, and hailed, all at once, they liked that too; for they had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced all night till mid-night, and real theatres where the fine palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and see no wonders of the kind in all the world. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be stronger than one member of their family was.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these joys sports, the traveller lost the child. And he had lost the child: and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing anything but the road, and came to a young man. So he said to the young man "What do you do here? And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and live with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny! She was not there—and she had upon like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny did when I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly—as one might have known he would, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was tormented sometimes—just as somebody used to be with Fanny—by other young people, who came about the girl they quarrelled sometimes—just as somebody used Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy anywhere and were always looking out for one another, until at last he came to a young man. So he said to the young man "What do you do here? And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and live with me."

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So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to a great city, and there they found the child they had lost. And the child grew to be a young man, and they became friends, and they went on through the world together. The older he grew, the younger he found the child; and the longer they were together, the more they loved one another.

At last, they met here on many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wind was yellow, and now brown; and the leaves, even of the finest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward in their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, say, "I am called, another"—with a little sprinkling of waggishness. He was dressed like the Ghostly Knight, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the room also as a sanctum. The young Frenchman, however, was very frank in his manners, courteous, yet cold, and he thus addressed his companion:

"Sir, I am sorry I planned to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but, in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several Americans to mate, with none of whom I could ever agree—we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim the one nearest the window."

The Englishman assented.

"Now," said the Frenchman, "I'll draw a line with a compass from between our beds, and shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights;" and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made a line from the window, down one side of the room to the other. "Now, sir," he said, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty."

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger: "I am perfectly satisfied with it." He then sent down for his baggage, and both retired to rest at the hour of midnight.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while "Old Kentuck" was watching him, and thinking what a quaint every one of them were, and he had but nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them sit, and they all honored and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear friend, reader, because, that is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

COLD FRIDAY.

The 19th of January, 1810, says the New Hampshire Statesman, was a day the intense coldness of which will be long remembered by those who experienced its rage. Those who were not out of doors, but had resolved to age rule during them capable of retaining impressions from their minds, will doubtless recollect the occurrences taking place around them. The evening previous was as mild as those we have been favored with in such numbers this winter; but in the night the wind changed, the air suddenly became cold, and in the morning, at about 10 hours descended to 15 degrees below zero. A boisterous wind prevailed, by which trees were blown down, chimneys were shaken down, and the day became memorable in New England as "The Cold Friday." Those in Concord, so near as our recollection serves, there was very little going from place to place. Farmers piled on the wood, and attended to their cattle, and that was all for the day. In the afternoon, when the fire in the neighborhood store, upon errands which could not be delivered, eyed over the ground like squirrels, and were astonished at the sudden change from the heavenly of the frost.

Among V.L.C.—The New Hampshire Historical Society's Collections, the following account is taken of an occurrence on that day in the town of Sanbornton:

"On Friday morning, the 19th of January, Mr. Jeremiah Eldredge, of Sanbornton, arose at the cold very severe, rose about an hour before sunrise. It was but a short time before some part of his house was burnt in by the wind. Being apprehensive that the whole house would soon be consumed, and that the lives of his family were in great jeopardy, Mr. Ellsworth, with her youngest child, whom she had dressed, went into the cellar, leaving the other two children in bed. Her husband undertook to go to the nearest neighbor, which was in a North direction, about half a mile. But he had not gone a strong against him that he found it impracticable. He the next out for Mr. David Brown's, the nearest house in another direction, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. He reached there frozen and lost the use of his hands. Being apprehensive that the whole house would soon be consumed, and that the lives of his family were in great jeopardy, Mrs